

Memorable Song on the unhappie Hunting in Chevie-Chafe, betweene Earle Piercie of England, and Earle Dowglas of Scotland. To the tune of, Flying Fame.

How prosper long our Noble King,
our lives and safeties all,
in Chevie-Chafe befall;
To be the Deer with bound and boynt,
Earle Piercy tooke his way,
The child may rue that is unborn
the hunting o: that day.

The Count Earle of Northumberland,
how he did make,
his pleasure in the Scottish woods,
those Summers dayes to take:
The chiefest parts in Chevie-Chafe,
to kill and beare away,
these tidings to Earle Dowglas came
in Scotland where he lay.

So sent Earle Piercy present word,
he would prevent his sport,
The English Earle not fearing this,
on to the woods resort,
With fifteen hundred Bow-men bold,
all chosen men of might,
who knew full well in time of war,
to name their shafts aright.

A gallant Grey-hound swiftly ran
about the Fallow Deere,
Whan they began to hunt
the day was full of cheer.
Long before high-noon they had
purposed for Wutha-hame,
in having bin the Deeres went
to take them up againe.

How-men mustred on the hills,
able to endure,
their backe does all with speciall care
the day were guarded sure:
The hounds ran swiftly through the
nimble Deere to take, (woods,
with their cryes the hills and dales
echoes still did make.

Piercy to the Quarry went,
slew the tender Deere,
he, Earle Dowglas promised
to meet me here.
I thought he would not come,
singer would I say,
that a brave young Gentleman
the Earle did say:

Heer doth Earle Dowglas come,
on in Armour bright,
with hundred Scottish spears,
in our fight;
of Tevidale,
Aber Tweed,

Then cease your sport Earl Piercy said,
and take your Bowes with speed.

And now tell me my Countrey-men,
your courage forth advance.
For never was there Champion yet
in Scotland or in France,
that ever did on horse-back come,
but if my say it beere,
I durst encounter man for man,
with him to breake a speare.

Earl Dowglas on a milk white steed,
most like a Baron bold,
knew for most of the company,
whose Armour shone like gold:
Shew me (said he) whose was ye be,
that hunt so boldly here,
that without my consent doe chase,
and kill my Fallow Deere:

The man that first did answer make,
was Noble Piercy he,
who said, we list not to deelay,
so; the whole men we be:
Yet we will spare our dearest blood,
the chiefest parts to slay,
Then Dowglas swore a solemn oath,
and thus in rage did say:

Eachway I will out-braved be,
one of us will dye,
I know the best, who thus art,
Lord Piercy, so am I;
But trust me Piercy pittie it were,
and great offence to kill
any of these our harmlesse men,
for they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the Fattell try,
and let our men aside:
Accurst be he, Lord Piercy said,
by whom it is deny'd:
Then leapt a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
who said, I would not have it told
to Henry our King for shame,

That ere my Capitaine fought on foot,
and I had looking on,
You two be Earls, quoth Witherington
and I a Squire alone;
He doe the best that doe I may,
while I have power to stand,
while I have power to wield my sword
the fight with heart and hand.

Our English Archer bent their bows,
their hearts were good and true,

At the first sight of Arrows sent,
full four score they flew,
To be the Deer with bound and boynt,
Dowglas had on the bent,
A Capitaine mov'd with mickle pride,
the speares to others went.

They clove full fast on every side,
no lacknelle there was found,
And many a gallant Gentleman
lay gasping on the ground:
O Christ, it was a griele to see,
and likewise for to heare
the cryes of men lying in their gore,
and scattered here and there.

At last these two stout Earles did meet,
like Capitaines of great might,
the Deeres mov'd they lay on loud,
and made a cruell fight;
They fought untill they both did sweat
with swords of tempered Steele,
untill the blood like drops of raine
they trickling downe did fall.

Heard these Lord Piercy, Dowglas said,
in lady I will thee bring,
where thou shalt high advanced be
by James our Scottish King;
My ransom will I freely give,
and thus report of thee,
I thou art the most courageous Knight
as ever I did see.

So Dowglas, with Earle Piercy then
the matters I doe say,
I will not yield to any Scot
that ever yet was borne:
With that there came an Arrow han,
out of an England Bow,
And struck Earle Dowglas to the heart,
a day and deadly blow.

Who never spak more words then these
fight on my merry men all,
For why my life is at an end,
Earles Piercy sees my fall:
Then leaving life, Earle Piercy took
the best man by the hand,
And said, Earle Dowglas for thy life
would I had lost my hand.

O Christ my very heart both blacke,
with sorrow for thy sake,
For sure a more renowned Knight
misfortune did never take.
A Knight among the Scots there was
which said Earle Dowglas dyd,
who stait in wrath did slay rebelling
upon the Earle Piercy.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
who with a speare full bright,
well mounted on a gallant steed,
ran fiercely through the fight,
And past the English Archers all,
without all dread or feare,
And through Earle Pierces body then
he thrust his hateful speare,

With such a vehement force and might
his body he did gore,
The staffe came through the other side
a large cloth-yard and more:
Thus did both these stout Nobles dye,
whose courage none could staine,
An English Archer then perceiv'd
the Noble Earle wasaine:

He had a good bow in his hand,
made of a trustie tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
into the head drew he:
Against Sir Hugh Montgomery,
so right his shaft he le,
The Grey-goose wing that was heron
in his heart blood was wet.

The fight did last from break of day,
till setting of the Sun,
For when they rung the Evening bell
the battle scarce was done.
With stout Carl Piercy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliffe, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold Baron.

And with Sir George & good Sir James,
both Knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
whose prowess did inmount:
For Witherington needs must I waille,
as one in dolefull tamps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
he fought upon his humps.

And with Carl Dowglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Morrell, that from the field
one foot would never spe:
Sir Charles Morrell of Harchiffe too,
his Sisters son was he,
Sir David Lamb, so well skild,
but safo he could not be.

And the Lord Markwell in like case,
did with Earle Dowglas dye
Of twenty hundred Scottish speares,
scarce fiftie he did spe:

Of fiftene hundred Englishmen,
went home but fiftie three,
The rest were slain in Chevie-Chafe,
under the green-wood tree.

Part day did many widowes come,
their husbands to bewaile,
Deep waht their wounds with thirish
but all could not prebaile: (tears,
Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
they bore with them away,
They kiss them dead a thousand times,
ere they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edenburg,
where Scotlands King did raigne.
That brave Earle Dowglas suddenly
was with an Arrowaine:
O headie news, King James did say,
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any Captaine more
of such account as he.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
wasaine in Chevie-Chafe:
How God be with him, said our King,
since 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my Realme
fife hundred as good as he.

Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
but I will vengeance take,
And be redenged on them all,
for brave Earle Pierces sake.
His dolour I sing did all perforce,
after on Humble Dowle,
In one day fiftie English wereaine,
with Lordsof high renowne.

And of the rest of small account,
did many hundred dye,
Thus ended the Hunting in Chevie-
made by the Lord Piercy. Chafe,
God save the King and blese his Land
with Plentie, Joy, and Peace,
And grant beneasforth that all debate
'twixt Noblemen may cease.

FINIS.

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